

October '81

Savage Skin

VOL. 2
NO. 2
50¢

Sabotage

2516

SINGLE FIGHTER

subvert (subvert), vt. 1. to overthrow (something established or existing). 2. to cause the downfall, ruin, or destruction of. 3. have, to undermine the principles of, corrupt. (N.E. 1. 1. s. subvert). —subverter, n.

kidnapped, stuffed in car trunk and set afire



A Total Commitment to you

"Okra Strut Blues."



EDITORIAL

When Omni's burnt down on July 9th, there grew a void in the night life of Philadelphia's New Music youth. At Omni's admission was cheap--we're hard pressed to remember if we ever payed more than five dollars at the door. The drinks were good, the music was good, local bands were frequently booked, and most of all THE ATMOSPHERE WAS A UNITED ONE. With the loss of Omni's we turned to the next most viable alternative in town: the East Side Club. At first it seemed as though the gap was closing--the admission was reasonable, the sound system was good--hell, it was THERE. It seemed a little funny though--a punk membership club. It reeked a little too much of the glorious days of disco.

To make the story short, things have changed at East Side. Admission has soared, with an almost standard \$7 or \$8 cover on weekends. Gestapo bouncer tactics have been employed on more than one occasion. Headlining bands don't appear onstage until one or two in the morning--hell for the working patron--and a obvious ploy to sell those drinks.

Aside from this, the responsibility and power of being the only club in town are beginning to wear on the club, most obviously personified in the form of Bobby Startup the club's head dj and booking agent. Startup has consistently used his position in the club as a social weapon, becoming of late, involved in matters with no bearings on East Side itself. When confronted by a pissed off patron on the rising cover charge, Startup said "if you don't like it start your own club" and continued by telling the customer to stop coming to East Side. Yet when a group of bands organized their own gig at one of the city's Elks centers (see Punk Festival article) Startup delivered an ultimatum: Pull out of the Elks gig or never play East Side again.

As a result, the band Physical Push was scared into not performing. The Elks gig went on as planned, with Startup lifting the blackmail in the eleventh hour of bargaining.

This is an example of kind of underhanded monopolizing the East Side has begun to attempt lately. Startup is not completely to blame, but has been the most blatant misuser of power and position. Although he has stated that he has no interest in booking local talent, the band No Milk continues to gig endlessly at the club. One has to wonder if Mr.Startup's girlfriend, who also happens to be No Milk's manager, has anything to do with this.

East Side continues to hold the city's punks over a barrel, by simple virtue of being the only New Music club in town.

We at Savage Pink support wholeheartedly gigs such that organized by Sadistic Exploits at the Elks Center. We encourage everyone to support them also, as well as organize your own. Four bands for three dollars can not be beat. Maybe if they feel some loss, they'll listen to what we have to say.

WE cannot let them continue to control us--particularly while we are putting money in their pockets. Bitching and moaning does absolutely no good when you continue to support exactly what you're griping about.

STAND UP AND BE HEARD, PEOPLE!!!!

Shortly after the above was written, East Side announced the adoption of two new policies.

1. Half price admission before eleven pm.
2. Last set starts promptly at 1:30 am.

Great we thought. A change in attitude. Maybe the East Side was willing to listen after all. Club owner Bill said they were "Missing the old faces" and they were attempting a reversal to the time when the club first opened and everyone was happy.

Peaches and cream, right? Unfortunately not. On October 14 for the Equators gig, full admission was charged before 10:30 that night. The price? NINE DOLLARS!!

So apparently things are not all that changed. But at least we have a foothold, people. Again, MAKE YOUR FELLINGS KNOWN!! Don't say "well, there's no place else to go". There never will be anyplace else if you keep patronizing something that you hate. There's lots of alternatives--the movies (check out the Tower's schedule), other clubs--have a party even!! Get the point, folks? Don't be monopolized!

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last minute

SAVAGE PINK is looking for
contributors of all kinds.
Writers, artists, photographers
are encouraged to submit any
work to:

S.P. 1248 DAY ST.
PHILA, PA.

Enclose SASE for return
All work will be fully credited.

CONFESIONS OF A SIOUXSIE FANATIC

That I was shocked by the cover in 1981 is not a statement of morals, but rather it represents the shattering of the sanctity of Siouxsie's image. Never did I expect to see Siouxsie in the arms of a man, much less in this more revealing posture. I had thought of her as I once had my parents--she just didn't do Those Things.

Which ties the whole thing together quite nicely, don't you think?



but not them


The girl isn't alive—but the man is dead
because it's all been told before
The girl isn't alive—but the man is dead
because you only have your mentor
to draw—you where

dead lumps of meat melt in this heat
dead lumps of meat melt in this heat

She hates the man and he hates the woman
because something strong inside
has been denied them
but not him — Oh not him

He hates the girl and she hates the girl
because something weak implied
they fought to push aside them
but not her—Oh not her

The girl isn't alive—but the man is dead
because it's all been said before
The girl isn't alive—but the man is dead



by Dave Fun

South Florida's vinyl output has been piss poor lately. A lot of people are working on things, but nobody is getting much accomplished. However, a lot of good records have been released in the past, so there is a rundown of those worth mentioning.

THE REACTIONS: Official Release; The Reactions Love You The Reactions write loud, fast, catchy love songs with simple honest lyrics that make you cry. The band broke up for some stupid reason but you can still get their records.
(And the clap lives on....ED)

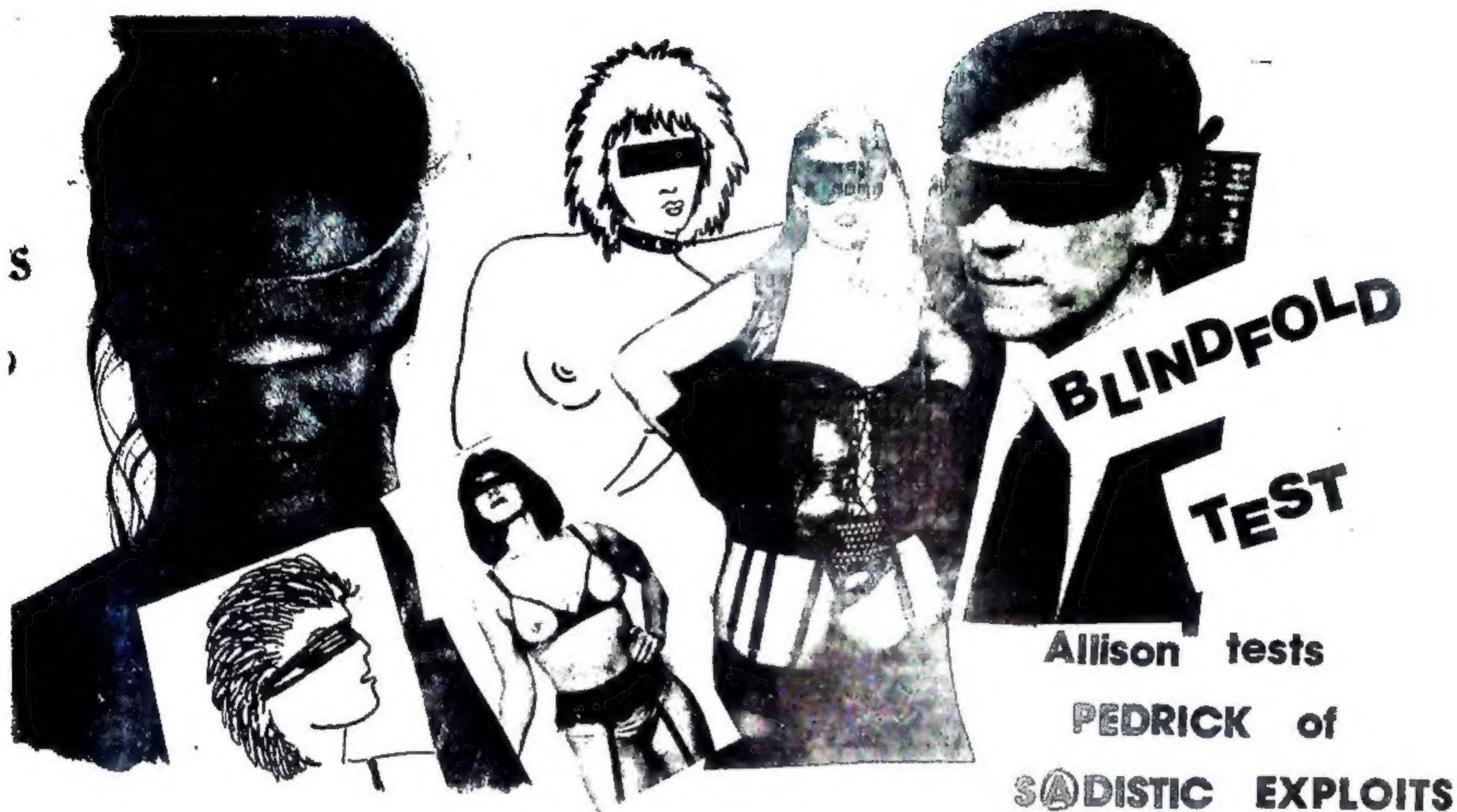
THE EAT: Communist Radio; God Punishes the Eat
Eat music is a very unique combination of witty,
though sometimes nonsensical lyrics and tastefully
sleazy instrumentation. The tunes are very infec-
tious and the packaging is great. The single
(Communist Radio) is gone, the EP is going fast, but
the band should have an LP out soon.

CHARLIE PICKETT: Feeling; If This is Love
Charlie is known for stylizing obscure cover tunes.
A great version of "White Light, White Heat" ap-
pears on the flip of Feeling. If This is Love is a
humorous R&B song written by Charlie's cousin.

SHEER SMEGMA (alias TEDDY AND THE FRAT GIRLS): Audio Suicide At the time this record was produced the band consisted of three wild, eccentric girls who knew absolutely nothing about making music. Yet this record was reviewed by Jello Biafra in Trouser Press and many consider it South Forida's best. "I Wanna be a Man" is a perfect assination of the typical male persona.

Most of these records are available by writing to Open Records, 901 Progresso Drive #4, Lauderdale FL 33304

The EAT records at: Gigging Hitler Records
2600 Trapp Ave., Coconut Grove FL 33133



Who ever gave journalists the idea that they could review records? Wouldn't musicians be better at it? We thought so.

I cornered Pedrick one day and played a handful of singles for him. I picked mostly independent releases, so that you might gain some insight into something you might otherwise never hear or read about. To make it interesting I didn't tell him what he was reviewing until he had formed an opinion on it. Thus, the Blindfold Test. Any comments of mine are in parentheses.

CHARLIE PICKETT: If This is Love/Slow Death Open Records, 901 Progresso Drive; Ft. Lauderdale FL 33304 (Charlie Pickett does obscure covers--this is his second single.)

It sounds like a pop Lynyrd Skynyrd, if you can believe that. It gets really tired after the first ten seconds. It sounds like a Jersey bar band. (Something tells me that wasn't a compliment.)

CHEAP 'N' NASTY: Covergirl EP Smashstick Plastics 001 (Made in the Netherlands. I played "kant 2" for Ped--"I'm a Photomodel" and "No More Violence". Comes with a lyric sheet, which helps, due to the strange accents and vocals in three languages.)

They have this really

great up-tempo song (Photomodel) that sounds really great, but it's blended in with this really eerie music that sounds like a guy preaching at you. They should let the guitar player play more--bring the whole band up. They could be really good with some work.

SLITZ: All Out Attack EP No Future Records, 5 Adelaide House, Wells Rd; Halesvern, Worcester England (No Future is "a new label dedicated to hard core punk and skinhead bands only", according to the label. Slitz sings lyrics like "We fight to live/and we live to fight, We don't give a shit/what's wrong or what's right")

I like it, I like it. Definately worth the space in my record collection. It's raw hard core served up just the way we love it.

MISSING PERSONS: I Like Boys EP Homos Records PO Box 2788 Hollywood CA 90028 (This band consists of an ex-Playboy bunny and two of Frank Zappa's old sidekicks.)

This is a good, danceable record that is perfect to unwind to at the end of a good night out. A real professional job--the vocals are really neat, the

girl's voice is very good. The production makes her sound like two or three people at once--I can almost hear Debbie Harry or the Go-go's in there.

TOM TOM CLUB: The Genius of Love/Lorelei Instrumental Island Records (Members of the Talking Heads, etc.) Horrible disco.

MODERN ENGLISH: Smiles and Laughter/Mesh and Lace 4-A-D Records, England

NEW ORDER: Everything's Gone Green/Procession B Music Records, England (Ped lumped his opinion of these two together)

These two are just another of those typical bands that aren't a punk band because they all grew up and got good. It's music to sell, not music to do shit.

STATEMENT

I DENOUNCE THE SYSTEM THAT MURDERS MY CHILDREN
 I DENOUNCE THE SYSTEM THAT DENIES MY EXISTENCE
 I CURSE THE SYSTEM THAT MAKES MACHINES OF MY CHILDREN
 I REJECT THE SYSTEM THAT MAKES MEN OF MACHINES
 I REJECT THE SYSTEM THAT TURNS BODIES OF MY OWN SWEET FLESH
 INTO CAGED MONSTERS OF IRON AND STEEL AND WAR
 AND TURNS THE HANDS OF MY CHILDREN INTO ROBOT ARMS
 I REJECT THE SYSTEM THAT TURNS THE HEARTS OF MY CHILDREN
 AGAINST THIS EARTH...
 I CURSE THE SYSTEM THAT TURNS THE GENTLES OF MY CHILDREN
 INTO FACTORIES OF FIRE AND DESTRUCTION
 AND RAPES OUR FLESH... AND TEARS OUR WOMEN... THIS EARTH OUR HOME

THERE ARE NO WORDS FOR US NO WORDS

WHEN THE FIRE RAVAGES THE FLESH OF THE EARTH
 WHEN THE FIRE TEARS THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD
 WHEN THE BULLET RIPS APART THE SON AND LOVER
 WHEN THE BULLET LAYS TO WASTE THE DAUGHTER
 LAYS TO WASTE THE WOMENWORK AND THE LABOUR
 WHERE ARE THEY THAT WILL CHERISH MY FLESH?
 WHERE ARE THEY THAT WILL CHERISH MY CHILDREN?
 THE MEN THAT WILL STAND AGAINST THE DEATHDEALERS
 THE CHILDREN THAT CAN SAY NO TO THE LIFE STEALERS
 WHERE ARE THEY THAT WILL CURSE THE DEATH DEALERS?

THERE ARE NO WORDS FOR US NO WORDS

ONLY A CURSE LEAPS FROM MY THROAT
 ONLY A CURSE LEAPS LIKE VOMIT FROM MY THROAT
 ONLY A CURSE LEAPS LIKE BLOOD FROM MY THROAT
 TO CURSE THE WARLORDS THAT LAY TO WASTE OUR LABOUR
 THAT LAY TO WASTE THE WOMENWORK AND THE LABOUR
 THAT LAY TO WASTE... THAT LAY TO WASTE... THAT LAY TO WASTE
 WASTE... WASTE... WASTE... WASTE... WASTE... WASTE...

POISON GIRLS

The purpose of war is simply to keep population under control. Without war the world would over populate and eventually self-destruct. The American government will only prey on the nation's young men--the ones with out their (patriotic?) heads blown off.....

attack

attack

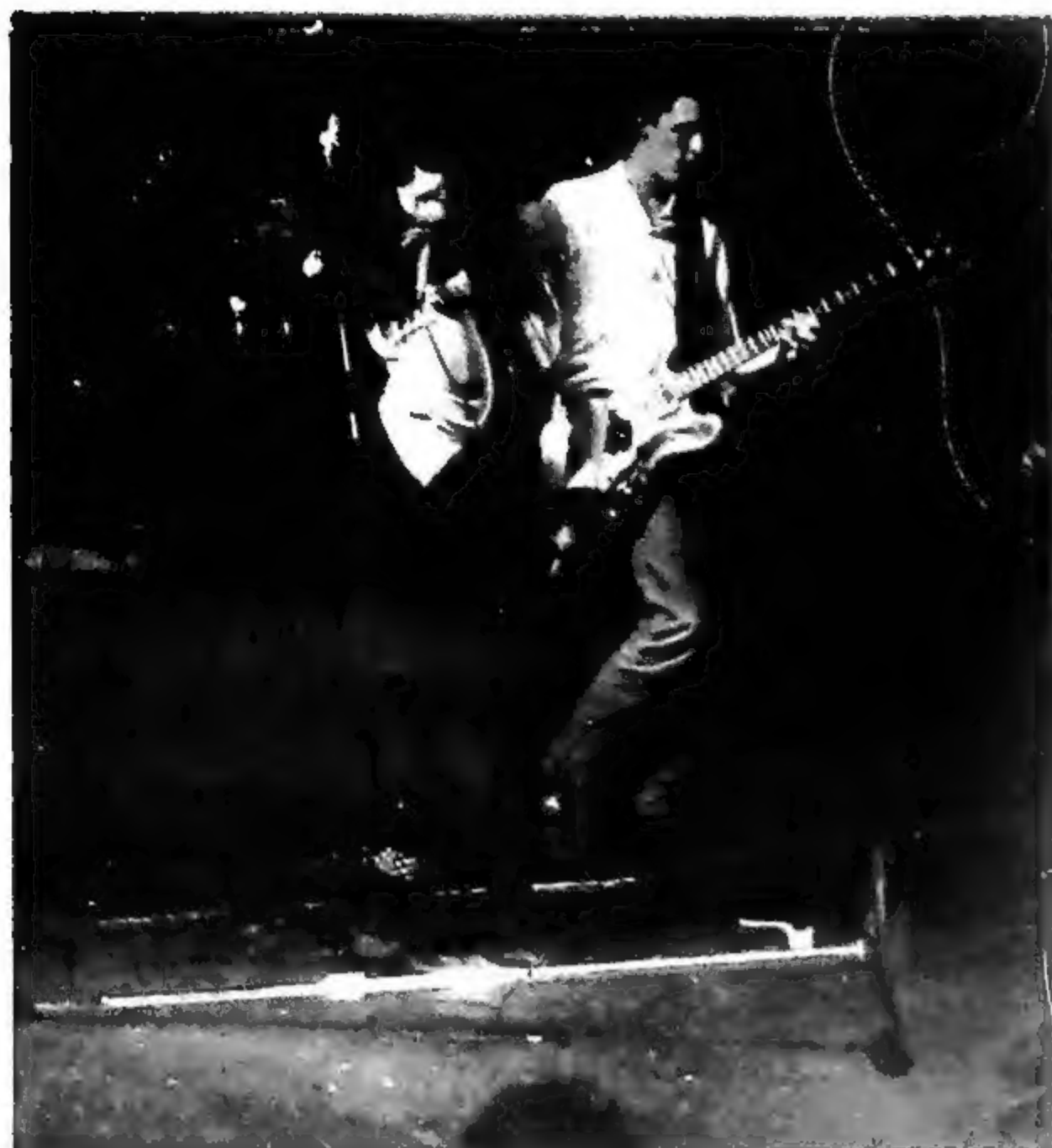
attack

puppet manipulation

war

LYDIA

by Allison



I'm not going to start this out by naming the dozen or so bands Lydia Lunch has been in during the twenty-two years she's been around, or by telling you about the part she played in No New York. The past is gone, we can't bring it back--so why make an ass out of myself trying to reconstruct it for you. Let's just suffice it to say that Lydia Lunch is a very exceptional lady doing a little bit of everything and doing damn good at all of it.

13-13 is Lydia's current band. They are three ex-Weirdos from LA, interestingly enough none of them were in the Weirdos at the same time. Sticks Denny plays guitar, Greg Williams is on bass, and Cliff Martinez pounds drums. The band has been together about three months and expect to have an album, as yet untitled, out within a month (which



EXENE

by Chastity

To make the story short, there was a band from LA and they came to Philly to play. When I say from LA I don't mean skinhead smash/thrash/headbash. I mean X.

ain't you gonna take me
for a ride/drink and drive
down to the LA river bed
i'll make no mistakes
and i'll behave

We talked to Exene about what it's like to be a popular American punk band hovering somewhere between cult status and radio airplay. Have the shouts of "sell out" echoed in their hallways?

"They did for a while and then it went away. The thing is, we just do what we do, and then some people like it. When alot of people like it and that's what you really want to do, it's quite an achievement. There's no achievement in having the best selling record in the world when you purposely



▶▶▶ CONTINUED



LYDIA

translates into look for it around Christmas, Kiddos.) They have been traveling around in the cramped quarters of a rented car.

"We're a loving band," Sticks deadpanned the day after their gig here in Philly.

Lydia herself is involved in numerous other projects right now, one of the most interesting of which is a book, Adulterous Anonymous, which she is writing for Grove Press with Exene of X. She explained to us how she got the book deal:

"I wrote this manuscript--this really violent pornographic trash, and turned it in on a fluke to Grove. So they wanted me to write a book. I refused to write another book like that--I said I'll write a prose book, I'll write a scrapbook--I'll do whatever I want, and they said fine. I said well, I don't want to do it by myself."

And so she enlisted her friend Exene. The two live about four blocks away from each other in LA, and besides the book, they are planning a recording project which should materialize before Spring. How will the two vocalists merge?

"We'll sing and do a variety of things."

Lydia described the music as "slow and personal" and mentioned other possible conspirators as Pat Place (Bush Tetras), China Berg (Mars), and Liz Swamp of Beirut Sluz, an old band of Lydia's.

Yet, with all this activity, she explains, "Music is just convenient, so I do it."

She'd rather be acting. Lydia's latest triumph is a movie with Beth and Scott B. of New York. The film, titled "Vortex", will be debuting at the London Film Festival on November 16th. Even more recently she has been offered a part in the next Arthur Hertzog film.

"I really don't know what the part is about. I just know that the producer met me and wants me for the next film. I'll just have a small role. If I get it I'm going to try and talk them UP," she grins.

Lydia is definitely a woman to be on the watch for, whether she pops up on your bookshelves, flickers on your movie screen or threads her way through your stereo. I'd never underestimate her talents, nor would I be surprised if all this is old news by the time it reaches you. She'll probably have moved on to three or four more projects by then. She knows what she wants, and if she can't get it, nobody can.



EXENE

wrote this thing because you knew people would fall for it. That's why we're not interested in changing what we do--that's why people still like us that have liked us all this time."

Exene sings. Now she wants to be a writer--an Adulterous Anonymous.

"I like being a singer a lot...being in front of people, being with an audience. But being a writer...this real great

thing is you can walk down the street and nobody notices you. They just read it."

She calls the book she's writing with Lydia Lunch "A scrapbook. It has some real violent passages and stuff, so I wouldn't call it poetry because it's not real formulated. It's my favorite thing that's going on right now."

Exene writes songs about things that have really happened. She says living in LA is pretty much the same as living anywhere. In her opinion the skinhead reputation is exaggerated.

"There's a few people that are kind of crazy...I think sometimes you see someone doing something and you say 'I want to be part of that' and then you try to outdo it. Pretty soon everybody's outdoing each other and things just get wild. I don't think it's a real serious problem."

X records on Slash records. Exene talked about them as being a really gook label up against incredible odds. The band has complete control over what they do, and frequently Slash comes up with great ideas, such as the cover of the first LP. Being a small label is "harder than you'd imagine," she says, "it seems as though the industry keeps kicking us in the knees."

The band appeared in the documentary of the Los Angeles scene, "The Decline of Western Civilization". Penelope Spheeris produced and directed the film that features X along with Black Flag, the Circle Jerks, and Fear, to name a few.

"Penelope has been around on the scene since the beginning, and she's real good at what she does. We felt that it'd be real worth while to document what was going on with someone like her. She talked these people into doing this thing for like ten thousand and it turned out to cost like a hundred thousand. I like it because it's real objective--it's not her point of view. She asked a lot of different bands to be in it, like the Go-gos, but a lot of people were afraid to be in it. They thought 'oh the money--there's no money for the bands.' I personally didn't care because it was such a good thing to have done."

"It's like we did that Urgh movie and we got paid--I guess a couple of thousand dollars for the movie and the soundtrack--but I have no intention of ever buying that record or going to see the movie. I don't want to put it down, because I'm sure a lot of people will go see it because it's got bands in it. I just don't like the idea of band, song, band, song. It's like the end of a song--'thank you very much' and then ONE TWO THREE FOUR!, the next song, just band after band."

X is slowly but surely climbing up to the top of the pile. Recently they threw a kess to the music industry and played the prestigious Greek Theatre in LA. Tickets were a hefty seven to ten dollars, but the band offset the necessary spotlight gig with a cheapie for five dollars the following weekend.

This is one of the ways X shows the closeness they keep with their audience. They aren't concerned with making it in England or competing with English bands. They find homegrown music and audiences completely satisfying.

Exene is not just another brainless face in front of a band. She is an intelligent, articulate woman quite in charge of her life. Like her friend Lydia Lunch, she's a woman to keep an eye on.

Philadelphia PUNK Festival

Oct. 3/Elks Center
16th & Fitzwater



Originally we were going to write this big professional article about the Festival, jam-packed with pictures and bullshit. Unfortunately perhaps, for journalism's sake, but most fortunately for ours, we ended up getting too involved in having a good time to be professional about ANYTHING. So a scattered recollection it is, therefore.

The original lineup was cut from five to four bands when Physical Push pulled out due to external pressures. This did not dampen the festivities at all, and a sign was posted at the door to inform the incoming crowd of the band's absence. Approximately 650 people piled in the door, paying a three dollar admission. That's right--four bands for three dollars--IT CAN BE DONE!!!

The hall was a huge, cavernous place with lots of elbow room for everyone. Lots of murky corners to hide in and more than enough room to dance. Downstairs a bar served drinks cheaply and with a total lack of ambience. Now this was punk rock.

Autistic Behavior was on first, and these boys were anything but boring to watch. Then again, you don't watch them, you THRASH to them. Center stage was slam territory and this time there were no fights aka Black Flag at the Starlite. Just a congenial slam, with lots of girls in on the action. As soon as you were down--boom, someone had you back on your feet again. I honestly can't believe how great it was.

Decontrol was up next--more loud fast music, anarchy and peace inspired. If you liked what you saw (or want to know what you missed), look for Alternative magazine, put out by the band. (164 Fox Road, Media PA 19063)

Informed Sources made their debut, kicking ass on the first night out. A little shakey but definately a band to watch, especially judging from the tapes I've heard on the radio.

Last came the group that made it all happen.

Sadistic Exploits stormed through their set with an endless amount of energy. The loss of their drummer only a week before the gig didn't slow them down a bit. Replacement JR pounded through the songs with amazing skill after just a few practices with the band. The Exploits are simply unstoppable. Can they possibly get any better?

All in all it was the best night anyone I've talked to has had in one hell of a long time. The atmosphere was relaxed, but the air was charged with energy. The turnout was fantastic and the bands were all in top form. We can only hope that more gigs like this are made possible, and that the interest continues to grow. There are more punks lurking in the Philadelphia woodwork than we realize.

Thanks to all the bands who performed, all the people who came, and especially to the Exploits and their manager Nancy Petriello for making the whole thing happen.

It was an unforgettable, exhilarating, fucking excellent night.



we are the leaders of tomorrow
we are the ones to have the fun
we want control,

we want the power
not gonna stop until it comes

we are not jesus christ
we are not fascist pigs
we are not capitalists
we are not communists
we are the one...

we will build a better tomorrow
children of today will be the tool
american children,

made for survival
faith is our destiny
we shall rule!

i will build a bridge
to the future
i am the one who buries the past
a new species rise up

from the ruins
i am the one that was made
to last!

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 I saw you at the Stones concert. Will the blonde lady in black with the girly tattoo PLEASE contact me. Our eyes met but fate threw the crowd between us. Write to:
 Cindy c/o SAVAGE PINK

ALEX OF MUM:
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GARY SHAFT:
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